THE NATION

DECEMBER 1, 1962 . . 25c

Kennedy: Reluctant Emancipator

Howard Zinn

Post-Election Analysis

Our 'Four-Party' System

Victor C. Ferkiss

Report from Bombay

INDIA AT WAR

Stephen Hugh-Jones

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LETTERS

Spanish Statistics

Dear Sirs: I have read with interest the article "Spain Revisited" by Alexander Werth (*The Nation*, October 27). . . . Criticism of a country or government is, of course, acceptable reporting, but distortion of facts is beneath the level of fair journalism.

To point out only two distortions: Mr. Werth says "statistics show only 35,000 tractors for the whole country," when the actual figure is 71,077; and he claims that "since 1957 some 50,000 apartments a year have been built," whereas the figure is actually 102,585.

I should also like to point out that there is a contradiction between the poverty allegedly existing in Spain and the statement, in itself difficult to understand, that the Spanish family spends "55 per cent on food" and the "whole town flocks into the main street nightly to show off new clothes and then disperses to cafés, dance halls and cinemas."

ALONSO ALVAREZ DE TOLEDO
Secretary of Embassy of Spain
Washington, D.C.

A Different Difference

Dear Sirs: Your editorial, "The Sigh of Relief," [Nov. 10] revealed your old, familiar bias. "They [the American people] fear it [the nuclear bomb], hence the sigh of relief when the immediate prospect of its use was averted; but they rallied behind the President with the same mass tropism as in 1899. The fact that this is an utterly different world has simply not been digested." You might like to think that this is an utterly different world (Communist perhaps?), but millions of people—with the same peace-bomb the Communists have—do not differ about the kind of world they want to live in.

The peace-or-else line has finally proven itself, but not in the way Mr. Khrushchev and fellow travelers had hoped. In short, the American people have demonstrated that they will not be scared into a smelly peace.

JOSEPH FRANCIS MURPHY
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Faculty for Silence

Dear Sirs: Leo J. Hertzel in "The Silent Faculty" (*The Nation*, Nov. 17) took as his leading example the University of Mississippi faculty. Had he waited a few weeks, he could have used an equally momentous and more nearly universal example—the relatively silent faculties of the nation during the Cuban crisis. It is bad to be silent in the face of lawless segregationism. It is worse to say nothing when one's own government, risking nuclear war, violates international law, the UN Charter, and the principle of self-determination. . . .

The American faculty is silent in part because the American public and press have their own faculty for silence. Ivory-tower disengagement is a state of mind, and it is not peculiar to college teachers. Was it not public inertia and fear that recently enabled the trustees of Lincoln College (Illinois) to fire a religion professor for carrying a sign reading, "Stop U.S. Aggression" and "Do Not Let Cuba Be Our Hungary"?

HOWARD L. PARSONS
Cedar Rapids, Ia. Coe College

Historical Analogy

Dear Sirs: *In 1861*—

(a) The English ship *Trent* carried Messrs. Mason and Slidel, Confederate emissaries, on the high seas.

(b) A Union ship, in violation of international law, removed the gentlemen from the *Trent*.

(c) When England threatened war over the incident, Lincoln's "wise" counselors advocated that we declare war on England.

(d) Lincoln rejected the suggestion, remarking, "One war at a time, gentlemen."

In 1962—

(a) Soviet ships carried cargoes to Cuba on the high seas.

(b) In violation of international law, American warships were ordered to stop the Soviet freighters.

(c) Some of Khrushchev's counselors advocated defiance of the American action.

(d) Khrushchev sidestepped war by ordering his Cuba-bound ships to return.

What will be posterity's verdict with respect to Lincoln, Khrushchev and Kennedy? Is there any justification for violating that principle of international law — freedom of the seas — for which we fought the war of 1812?

Lima, Ohio ELMER MCCLAIN

A Time to Protest

Dear Sirs: Charles D. Bolton's "Cuba: Pivot to the Future," in your issue of Nov. 17, had much provocative material for us all to consider, but his denigration of the American peace movement makes one wonder if his logic is not greatly indebted to State Department "doublethink." Certainly the vigorous and intelligent actions of the various American groups at the time of the blockade of Cuba were necessary if the President and the Administration were to know what the people feel in such a crisis. . . . STEPHEN H. FRITCHMAN
Los Angeles, Calif.

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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The Face of Reality

Delusion remains delusion, even when held in the highest places and with the greatest tenacity. American policy vis-à-vis Red China has long been based on two interrelated fictions — that Chiang Kai-shek's regime in Formosa is in fact and in law the government of China, and that the existing mainland regime is a merely hypothetical entity. The resulting logic of irrationality pictured the rejection of every move to admit China into the United Nations as a great victory for the United States. But now that China has engaged in an act of overt and brutal aggression, the United Nations is powerless to act because the culprit is not subject to its writ.

India, reeling from the hammer-like blows of the Chinese, still insists, and wisely, that China should be admitted to the United Nations. But we still cannot bring ourselves to concede the wisdom of such a policy, even though the twin fictions that have held us spellbound have been blown skyward. The Chinese are there, the Peking regime does exist, it has an Army; we can no longer pretend that it will yield its power, now or ever, to the pretender on the island of Formosa (who, incidentally, is no friend of India's in this crisis). But this decisive confrontation with reality comes very late — about twelve years too late, to be exact, for we elected to ignore the meaning of the Korean War.

For the moment, at least, neither recognition of China nor its admission to the United Nations is feasible, although in the end we *will* recognize China and it *will* be admitted to the UN. The irony, of course, is that we have already in fact recognized Red China; indeed, we are obsessed with it to the degree that we are more aware of Peking than of many regimes with which we carry on formal diplomatic relations. We have conducted endless negotiations with the representatives of Red China in Europe and put our signature alongside Peking's to an agreement setting up the neutral regime in Laos.

Just as the harsh action of the Chinese has stripped the veil of illusion from Indian eyes, and made a mockery of our non-recognition policy, so too it has disclosed the make-believe of those elaborate anti-Peking "pacts" and alliances which were so dear to the heart of John Foster Dulles. SEATO, with Pakistan a member, is not likely to be of any assistance to India. More, it is now clear that the jet planes we supplied Pakistan were accepted not as a means of guarding against Chinese aggression, but for possible use against India, just as India's efforts to purchase Russian jets were in part occasioned by our sales to Pakistan.

Reality always breaks through the fictions with which timid and misguided men attempt to shield themselves from it. Now, having heard the booming of those Chinese guns we know that China exists; that it is a power in Asia and that we must deal with it. If, for a moment, recognition and admission to the UN are not feasible, it is not too early to undertake, perhaps indirectly, overtures to accomplish these ends. Perhaps China, along with some Western or African nation not now participating, should be invited to join the Geneva disarmament talks. This might set the stage for negotiations leading to eventual recognition and admission; and, in any case, China should be, and in the end must be, a party to any really meaningful disarmament pact.

What we are now experiencing is the painful shock which always comes with the long-deferred recognition of a harsh reality. The psychiatrists have a word for the habit of not recognizing what we wish did not exist — "selective inattention," they call it. The make-believe chapter of our postwar relations with China is nearly over.

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Castro: Life-Size

A good part of our troubles in the Caribbean have been of our own making. To an extraordinary extent, the Cuban revolution has been the work of one man; still, Fidel Castro is only a man, with genius in some directions and grotesque failings in others. Instead of seeing him as he is — a romantic, stubborn Cuban nationalist — we have endowed him with all the qualities of Lucifer. Once this process of embellishment was under way, anything could be written about Castro, anything could be said, and no amount of internal contradiction would render it incredible. *Newsweek* (November 26) presents a perfect exhibit in a long piece of lucubration titled, "If Castro Falls Few Will Care—Including Russia." They begin by calling Castro a "Soviet stooge," then depict him in a two-week-long wrestling match with the redoubtable Mikoyan. The relative reasonableness of the Soviets was contrasted with Castro's refractoriness, now said to be verging on the intolerable. What kind of stooge is that?

Almost all that is written today is forgotten tomorrow, but unfortunately the Kennedy Administration has in no small measure been subject to the same departure from reality. It (and the Eisenhower administration before it) has magnified the Cuban revolution, and Castro personally, out of all proportion to its and his actual importance. The social and economic condition of Latin America is parlous enough, but Castro did not create that, nor has he unlimited resources to take advantage of it. The devil-theory of Castroism has bedeviled us, not him. It has been, and remains, his greatest psychological asset, and the resulting actions on our part have become his greatest political asset. As Tad Szulc writes in *The New York Times* (November 18), the Bay of Pigs landing was "one of the most valuable instruments of national cohesion ever obtained by the Castro regime." Szulc adds that Castro will maintain his control of the revolutionary apparatus so long as he maintains his "defiant momentum" — which by every possible effort we are enabling him to maintain.

In President Kennedy's latest pronouncement, while he vaguely disclaimed any intention of invasion, he quite definitely promised ultimately to help bring Castro down. The only really enthusiastic allies Mr. Kennedy will have in that endeavor are the Central American dictators. They, indeed, are as frenetic about Castro as the war hawks in the United States, but the other members of the OAS would rather see an accommodation between Cuba and the rest of Latin America than a continuation of hemispheric cold war. In the presently still unresolved dilemma of on-site inspection, Brazil has offered a sensible and potentially far-reaching solution. It amounts to a non-aggression understanding between Cuba and the United States, and the formal denuclearization of all of Latin America, *with* inspection.

Castro may be emotionally unstable, but he immediately acceded to the proposal, adding only the perfectly reasonable condition that the Panama Canal Zone and Puerto Rico should be included, and that the United States should give pledges not to use nuclear weapons against any Latin American nation. Arthur H. Dean curtly replied that such terms are "entirely unacceptable." It sometimes seems as if we not only regard Castro as an ogre, but want him to be one.

The Housing Order

The President is to be warmly congratulated on issuing his Executive order banning racial or religious discrimination in housing built or bought with federal aid. True, the pen stroke was a little long in coming; it had been promised, one recalls, during the '60 Presidential campaign, when the then Senator Kennedy was himself seeking housing that had never before been vouchsafed to a Catholic. But whether done reluctantly, or merely tardily (see "Kennedy: the Reluctant Emancipator," by Howard Zinn, on page 373 of this issue), the deed is done, and a step has been taken to right a long-standing wrong.

The Doctor's Prescription

As every physician knows, medicines, even the true and tried ones, don't always work. The Administration's proposed tax cut must be viewed in this light. Few will be against it, but it is far from a panacea for the nation's ills.

At the several confabulations of economists which have been taking place, the consensus — in so far as there was one — seemed to be that the economy was holding its own, but little more than that. Many were apprehensive of a possible recession in the summer or fall of 1963. One authority, James Tobin of Yale, a former member of President Kennedy's Council of Economic Advisers, summed it up: "A new stimulus is needed. Consumers must be convinced that this recurrent story of small recession . . . this doubt about the vigor of our economy can be overcome." Presumably the Administration agrees, and the forthcoming tax cut is the result.

It is a gamble, and a temporary gamble at that. If business is stimulated to such a degree that, even at a lower rate, revenues are increased, the gamble will have been a winning one. Even so, the effect can hardly be more than transitory. The lightening of the tax burden will not be tremendous: as long as the arms race continues, it must remain heavy. And if there is anything sure in the fiscal pattern, it is that arms expenditures will steadily increase. In fact, the principal merit of the

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tax cut now in the offing is that it constitutes the only stimulus to business that is consistent with an ever-rising military budget. The stimulation afforded by the latter is spotty, as the presence of depressed areas shows. Rather than a stimulation, arms procurement is an accepted factor in the business pattern, advantageous to some industries in some places. Only a tax cut can be superimposed on this dubious support, and both the amount of the cut, and the effects, are self-limiting. Like most of the measures offered in times like these, it does not get to the root of our difficulties — and is not intended to do so.

Pies and Spies

In a recent *Nation* article (October 20), Jack Levine, a former Special Agent of the FBI, pointed out that the current ratio of informers to members in the Communist Party was one to 5.7. The ratio was so startling that it caused the usually imperturbable Art Buchwald, whose column in the New York *Herald Tribune* and other papers continues to brighten up the cold-war gloom, to speculate that at this rate the entire party membership might soon be made up of FBI informers. Jack Paar, no less concerned with internal security than Mr. Buchwald, was even able to imagine a situation in which, at a convention, the chairman of the Communist Party would ask "all real members" to stand up or raise their hands.

To demonstrate that there is a basis for the concern of Messrs. Buchwald and Paar, and as a footnote to Mr. Levine's article, we offer the following tidbit of information gleaned from the pages of the *San Francisco Chronicle*. In recent hearings of the Subversive Activities Control Board in San Francisco, the latest of a series designed to compel Albert J. (Mickey) Lime, Northern California chairman of the Communist Party, to register under the 1950 Subversive Activities Control Act, the first witness called against the hard-core Communist was Lulu Mae Thompson, a grandmotherly lady who apparently has not heard of the danger of allowing the pounds to increase with the years. Lulu Mae revealed that all these years she had been a "pie-baking spy" for the FBI, and Mickey was one of those who, all unsuspectingly, had eaten her pies. Home-baked pie, atop of Marxism-Leninism, so attracted the comrades to the meetings that between June, 1953, and March, 1962, Mrs. Thompson's FBI salary rose from $25 to $225 a month — plus the cost of the pie ingredients which, it goes without saying, were of the highest quality.

A romantic note, as well as gastronomic memories, should soften Mickey's Communistic heart and induce him to register, and peaceably to go to jail. When Mrs. Thompson met and married her husband, Howard, he was an FBI informer, too. Mrs. Thompson (and who knows how many others?) owe the FBI — and the Communists — virtually everything.

NEXT WEEK

The "cold war" into which the American Catholic Church has been plunged by the emergence of a powerful Catholic liberal movement in the United States is described in next week's *Nation* by Russell W. Gibbons, a Catholic layman who is National Secretary of the Catholic Council on Civil Liberties and a member of one of the commissions of the National Catholic Social Action Conference.

A POST-ELECTION ANALYSIS

OUR '4-PARTY' SYSTEM . . . by Victor C. Ferkiss

NEVER in recent political history have so many labored so mightily to accomplish so little as in this year's midterm elections. Despite the claims of Democratic Party spokesmen — widely echoed by the press — that the results marked a signal victory for the President and his program, the fact is that the Congressional mixture remains much as before and the Administration again faces a predominantly hostile Congress.

The unreality of many of the post-election analyses reflects the unreality of the campaign itself. President Kennedy appealed for support by asking for the election of more Democrats to Congress; but, as various commentators have pointed out, Democrats were responsible for doing in the President's legislative program in the first place. Rarely did Kennedy repeat the realistic note of his Pennsylvania speech in which he warned that there was grave danger that "the 88th Congress will be in control of a dominant Republican-conservative Democratic coalition that will defeat progress." Here was the real issue of the campaign, and it is only by assessing the impact of the election on the conservative coalition, rather than along largely meaningless party lines, that its portents can be understood.

Although the Congressional elections gave Republican Party leaders

VICTOR C. FERKISS teaches government at Georgetown University (Washington, D.C.) as Visiting Associate Professor.

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little to cheer about, coalition spokesmen are undismayed. Conservative pundit David Lawrence was nearer the truth than most observers when he remarked: "The coalition of conservative Republicans and Democrats. . . . remains in control of both houses. Radicalism is checked again. Business can breathe easier. . . . It needs only a coalition in one House to block radical legislation." The Senate may be more liberal than before, but not the House.

In the Senate, Kennedy lost one liberal, Carroll of Colorado, to a right-wing Republican, Representative Dominick, and in Wyoming he exchanged a lukewarm supporter for an ardent opponent. But elsewhere he made clear gains. Republican right-wing stalwarts Capehart, Bottum, Bush, Murphy, Butler and Wiley were replaced by liberals Bayh, McGovern, Ribicoff, McIntyre, Brewster and Nelson. But the President was never in as much trouble in the Senate as he was in the House. There was, and still is, a strong conservative coalition in the upper chamber consisting of most of the Republicans, most Southern Democrats and such Northern conservatives as Lausche of Ohio. But there has also been a liberal coalition, and on most measures Kennedy could count on the support of a group of five to ten Republican Senators from the Northeast—usually enough to offset Southern defections. Kennedy's problems with such measures as medicare (defeated 52-48), the amendment of the cloture rule (defeated 50-46), and his hairbreadth victory on continuing aid to Yugoslavia and Poland (45-40), were the result of defections by border-state and Western Democrats or of the aberrant behavior of such liberals as Proxmire and Morse. The President's net gain last month of four liberal seats should convert past defeats into victories, but Senators pride themselves on their independent and unpredictable ways.

THE behavior of the House is more predictable and the outlook less promising. The South as a whole lost no seats through reapportionment; Texas and Florida gained the five seats lost by the other states of the old Confederacy. Four new Republicans have been added to the Southern Congressional delegation. But this is not simply a story of right-wing Republicans replacing Dixiecrats; some of the Southern Democrats who will not be returning (notably Smith of Arkansas) frequently supported the Administration. The Administration gained two supporters in Florida, while in Tennessee an Independent campaigning as a Kennedy Democrat defeated the incumbent (who had a record of support of a number of Administration measures) in the primary. One of the two new Congressmen from Georgia, Weltner, who defeated an ultra-conservative Democrat, is reputed to be generally pro-Kennedy. Although the net gain in liberal seats in the South was slight, the newly elected Democrats do appear to be somewhat more liberal than their predecessors.

ALMOST the same thing can be said of the nation as a whole. Reapportionment caused a shifting of seats from the Northeast and Midwest to the Far West. The newcomers—such as the seven Democrats who won all but one of the newly created California districts—will support liberal measures, but the men whose seats they are taking, though often unaggressive in their liberalism, were also normally Administration supporters. And among the liberals who lost their seats were some with valuable committee seniority: Bailey of West Virginia and Granahan of Pennsylvania, for instance. Although a *New York Times* evaluation of the election credits the Administration with a net gain of three to four seats, any change in the liberal-conservative balance in the House will be more a matter of a net increase in *élan* than in votes. Defeated right-wing conservatives such as Birch Society members Hiestand and Rousselot in California, and Taber, Mason and Scherer, who retired, will, on a nation-wide basis, be replaced by such men as Snyder of Kentucky and Oliver Bolton of Ohio, who are almost as far to the Right. The House elections were actually a resounding victory for the *status quo*. Not only was there little alteration in the liberal-conservative balance, but almost all incumbents who ran were re-elected. Only twenty-two Congressmen were defeated (seven of these inevitably so in contests with other incumbents). Had it not been for the dislocations caused by reapportionment and redistricting, it is likely that almost the only changes in the House would have been those resulting from voluntary retirement.

WHAT this augurs for the future of liberal legislation is suggested by a closer look at the composition of the Senate and the House.

Increasingly the Senate has come to represent the same urban and cosmopolitan forces that weigh heaviest in the selection of a President. This is especially noticeable in the case of Republican Senators, whose voting records are ordinarily more liberal than those of the Republican House delegations from their states: Javits and Keating of New York and Kuchel of California are prime examples. The same thing tends to hold true for the Southern Democrats; Gores, Kefauvers and Yarboroughs are relatively fewer in the House than in the Senate.

The old Senate consisted of a hard core of about 40 conservatives, of whom more than a quarter were Southern Democrats; and a liberal wing of approximately 40 Senators, including 5 Republicans. This left about 20 swing votes as the pool from which these opposing factions could draw support, and in this group were a number of mildly liberal Republicans who frequently could be counted on to support Administration measures. The new line-up pits 45 putative liberals against 35 conservatives, with the remaining Senators—almost evenly split between Democrats and Republicans—likely to go either way.

Senators must represent the diverse interests and varied population of an entire state; the situation of House members is radically different. Representatives ordinarily have small, relatively homogeneous districts, whether they be urban, suburban or rural, black or white. This homogeneity is reinforced by the tendency of state legislators, when redistricting, to increase the number of safe seats of both parties. There are now fewer than a hundred marginal House seats; the rest are "safe" for one party or the other.

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Much of the confusion over whether or not Kennedy won a victory in holding down Democratic losses to a midterm low stems from this fact. Since the first Roosevelt administration, the majority of Americans have identified themselves as Democrats. But Democrats vote in lower proportions than do Republicans. Victorious Democratic Presidents help bring out Democratic voters and thus elect marginal Democratic House members when they run, only to see the tide recede when they do not. The advent of Eisenhower, whose electoral victories were personal rather than partisan, upset this pattern. The Republicans lost seats in 1954, and even more seats when Eisenhower was triumphantly re-elected in 1956. In 1958 they again lost seats, so that in the 86th Congress the Democrats controlled 66 per cent of the House.

Kennedy was a weak candidate, running behind the Democratic ticket in most of the nation, but he would have had to be a revolutionarily strong one to add anything to Democratic Congressional strength. Virtually all the marginal seats had already fallen to the Democrats. As it happened, 1960 witnessed an ebb tide, and twenty-one Democrats lost their seats despite Kennedy's victory. Thus in 1962 the stage was set for an unusual off-year election. The Democrats could have lost more seats, but had they done so it would have been a more severe disaster than is generally realized. By the same token, holding their own was less of a victory than it appears. What victories the Democrats did win (as in the Senate) were due in large part to the unusually high voter turn-out. Kennedy took his "off-year" losses in 1960, and has been in trouble ever since.

KENNEDY'S problem — and it would be an even greater problem were he more liberally inclined than he is—stems from the basic arithmetic of American politics. The President and the Senate are elected in such a way that successful candidates are often somewhat more liberal than the popular norm; but in the House the situation is reversed. If the odds for the passage of liberal legislation are to be improved, either

"Leftovers for the 88th Congress."

massive gains must be made at the expense of conservative Congressmen in the North or the South must be pried open.

Here lies the root of the Administration's difficulties. Without support from any of the Congressmen elected from the old Confederacy, the liberals would have to control two-thirds of all the Northern seats in order to muster a bare majority—a virtual impossibility, since a majority of the 259 Northern House seats can currently be considered "safe" for the conservatives or for conservative-leaning "swing" Republicans. The only other possibility of destroying the conservative coalition's power of veto over liberal legislation is the development of a vigorous two-party system in the South—an eventuality which the recent elections suggest may not be quite as remote as many observers have hitherto believed.

NAILING down the membership of liberal and conservative blocs is an even harder task in the House then it is in the Senate—for one thing, House members are not as vocal—but a synthesis of various studies of voting records indicates that there were in the 87th Congress about 175 House members who voted fairly consistently on the liberal side. This included approximately 15 Republicans and a dozen Southern Democrats. Against them were arrayed about 185 hard-line conservatives (a number which might have been higher if votes on foreign-policy questions were ignored), including some 45 Southern Democrats. The remaining Congressmen are almost evenly divided between Republicans and Southern or border-state Democrats. To win, liberals needed to draw some 40 votes from this group.

BUT IN THE House the center of gravity of the swing votes is more conservative than it is in the Senate. To garner enough votes to pass Administration measures, party discipline and administrative pressure had to be applied. However, making particular measures party matters threatened the loss of possible liberal Republican votes — hence such narrow squeaks as the victory in the all-important fight over enlarging the Rules Committee in 1961. This the Administration won by a margin of only five votes; 64 Democrats voted against the Administration (59 of them from the South), so that the votes of 22 Republicans were needed to produce the slim margin of victory. The Depressed Areas Act was passed by a margin of 224 to 193, with the assistance of 31 Republicans. A crippling amendment to urban-renewal legislation in the first session was defeated 215 to 197, with 36 Southern Democrats voting for the amendment, and the Administration's housing bill narrowly squeezed through with a 215-197 vote—29 Democrats against and 7 Republicans voting in favor.

But the strength of the House coalition is not to be measured solely in close votes, won or lost. The fact that liberal Administration measures have such a tenuous margin of support on the floor suggests that offering any proposals more liberal than these would invite disaster. Some measures are lost because it is known to be futile to bring them to a vote (when pushed to a floor vote, the proposal to create a Department of Urban Affairs lost by a resounding 264-150). In other cases, crippling amendments are accepted by the sponsors of bills in order to give them any chance of passage at all. But most important, the seniority system gives the conservative coalition control of key committees (especially Rules, and Ways and Means) that have the power of life or

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death over most important pieces of legislation. By no means all Southerners in key committee posts are members of the conservative hard core—many are "swing," or even moderately liberal, on some issues—but the hard-core Southern conservatives plus the Republican conservatives frequently have clear committee majorities when and where it counts. Witness the fate of medicare and the school-aid bill which never reached the House floor.

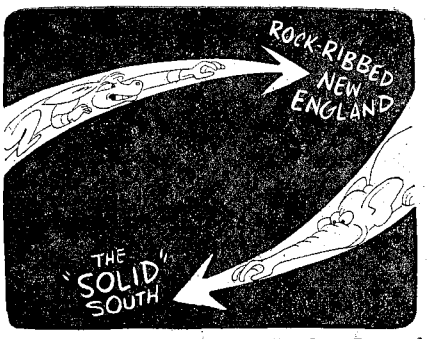
WHAT effect will last month's elections have on the power of the coalition in the House? The Republicans gained a net of two seats and the Democrats lost four (the new House reverts to 435 members, now that Alaska and Hawaii are integrated into the apportionment system). An analysis of who won and who lost indicates, as was said previously, no measurable change in the strength of the conservative or liberal factions in the House or in the swing votes for which they contend. On any given issue, the liberal forces will still be looking for the thirty to forty votes they will need to win, and the conservatives will be seeking to deny them.

The election will have some effects, however. At the very least, the Administration has won a psychological victory in the way the results are generally being interpreted. While net seats in the various blocs are almost unchanged, there will be an increase of drive on the liberal side at the same time that many personally powerful conservative wheelhorses have departed. But every vote will have to be counted as before, and the role of the Administration's legislative leadership will be crucial. Whether lessening support of Administration measures in the second session in the House was due to fear of voter reaction, or to ineptness on the part of McCormack and arrogance and incompetence on the part of the "Irish Mafia," is a question much debated in Washington. Any advantages accruing to the Administration from the election could easily be dissipated in the early days of the next session, in the Senate as well as in the House. McCormack has already indicated that the Administration will reintroduce such measures as medicare, aid to education and creation of a Department of Urban Affairs in the hope that they now stand a better chance.

But the first crucial battles will come on the home grounds of the conservative coalition. The Rules Committee fight must be won again, unless its membership is to revert from fifteen to twelve, with the coalition in firm control. Thirty-three Congressmen who voted with the Administration to enlarge the committee are not returning to Congress, and only twenty-nine of the newcomers can be counted on to support the Administration's position.

Almost as important as Rules in determining the fate of legislation is Ways and Means. As a result of the election there are now three vacant seats on this committee. Reportedly, two additional votes would have insured the reporting out of medicare. The seat now held by arch-conservative Noah Mason will probably go to an equally conservative Republican. Two Democratic seats, however, will be vacated by Southerners. There has been talk of a gentlemen's agreement to replace them with two other conservative Southerners. If this occurs, it will be a major blow to Administration hopes. Chairman Wilbur Mills of Arkansas, though a moderate, is jealous of his position. Since it is the Democratic members of his committee who make all Democratic committee assignments, he will almost certainly feel that he has the right to name his own candidates to fill these vacancies. The Administration is faced with the choice of permitting this or of fighting, possibly losing, and making another powerful enemy. But if the Administration does not fight, it forecloses the future of an important part of its legislative program.

THESE considerations lead to the basic question of what influence the elections will have on the party system, which makes the present domination of the conservative coalition possible. Apparently both parties are headed for a period of increasing bifurcation. The Democrats still believe they cannot abandon the South and control the nation. The Republicans, though tempted by thoughts of possible victories in the South, know



Providence Sunday Journal

"Making Inroads"

they cannot win the Presidency without Northern urban and minority-group votes. Therefore the outlook is for a Republican Party which will increasingly resemble the bipolar Democratic Party. But instead of being reflected within both Houses of Congress as it is in the case of the Democrats, the Republican split is likely to be most noticeable in the divergence between the increasingly liberal Republican Senators and a House delegation whose conservative character is reinforced by the addition of far-Right Southerners.

In the Senate, Case of New Jersey has already suggested an alliance of liberal Republicans, whose first aim will be to replace Barry Goldwater as Senate Campaign Committee Chairman with a more liberal Senator. Rockefeller, Romney and Scranton must all seek a more liberal image for the Republican Party if any hopes to be President. At the same time, the tantalizing temptation of the South remains. In the election, the Republicans picked up four seats in the old Confederacy (Texas, North Carolina, Florida and Tennessee), a border state seat in Kentucky and a governorship in Oklahoma. They ran a strong race for the governorship of Texas, for Senator in South Carolina, and polled an astonishing 49.2 per cent against incumbent Democratic Senator Lister Hill in Alabama. Virginia, Texas, Florida, North Carolina, Tennessee and possibly Alabama are now two-party states.

Although the Republican effort in the South did not alter the liberal-conservative balance of seats in Congress, it will probably have a number of significant effects. It may frighten some Southern Democrats into adopting a more conservative posi-

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tion. More important, the Republican Party now faces the problem of assimilating new recruits who are on the Far Right of the segregation controversy as well as of other issues. The temptation which faced Nixon in 1960 to play both sides of the street on the race issue will be increased. The apparent departure of Nixon from Republican leadership further adds to GOP difficulties, for his very ambivalence made him a bridge between conservative and liberal wings which will be sorely missed by his party.

Growing Republican strength in the South also presents the Democrats with a problem — and, possibly, an opportunity. Individual liberals and moderates could rise to power in the traditional one-party system in the South; but the system, by ruling out participation by a substantial proportion of the population — the portion most in need of governmental help—made conservative domination of the party inevitable. But if the far-Right Southern Republicans continue to grow largely through attracting to their banners the most conservative Democrats, might this make it possible for liberal Democrats in the South to gain control of at least one party? Answering yes to this question, liberals in Texas helped send ultra-Right Republican John Tower to the Senate in 1960 and threatened to make Cox governor this year. It is a question that will be asked more and more often. If the answer is really in the affirmative, and if liberalism is not simply driven underground and out of both parties, chances are that an increasing number of Republican conservatives will be elected from the South, while an increasing number of Democratic liberals may be elected as well. Whether the latter result occurs will depend in very large measure on the degree to which the courts and the Administration are willing and able to insure Negro voting rights.

If a real two-party system develops in the South, with a conservative-oriented Republican Party facing a more liberally oriented Democratic one, hope exists for breaking the deadlock in Congress. Even without wholesale conversions of Republican-oriented groups in the North (a process which would require a prior dramatic shift in public opinion), liberals can hope to control Congress if an effective voice is found by the liberal forces in the South. Such a development would mean the end of the power of the conservative coalition in Congress. The major struggle between the conservative coalition and its enemies may well come over civil-rights legislation, and other measures, which could lead in this direction. The real significance of the 1962 elections may therefore lie not in a small, highly speculative gain to liberal strength in Congress, but in its indication of possible long-range changes in the American party system itself.

INDIA AT WAR . . . by Stephen Hugh-Jones

[*This article was received two days before Red China, last week, initiated a cease-fire*—ED.]

Bombay

THE ENFORCED removal of V. K. Krishna Menon from the Indian Cabinet must have been hailed by most Americans as the best news out of India for years. Yet in many ways Menon at this time was more important as a symbol than as a man. With his departure an era has ended.

Whatever its outcome, the Chinese attack has decisively altered the pattern of Indian politics—though not, perhaps, in the ways that Americans or their ideological allies in India may hope or expect. Is communism in India, for instance, dead and buried? Undoubtedly, no. There are hopefuls, Indian and foreign, who think so, just as, before this year's general elections, they thought that the Communist Party of India would suffer severely from the Chinese depredations which had already taken place. It did not. In many areas, it increased its vote; notably in West Bengal—which has the most pro-Chinese Communists in India. In a society of outrageous poverty and inequality, the party's championship of the poor outweighed values represented by obscure portions of the northern frontier. True, national feelings are far more aroused today, but the party's stand is correspondingly more patriotic. After initial wavering, it came down firmly on the nationalist side.

Internationally, will India abandon nonalignment? Ambassador Galbraith has spelled out very precisely that Washington neither seeks nor expects this to happen. Mr. Nehru has already said no. Less predictably, the great majority of responsible opinion here agrees with him. Nonalignment may sometimes seem to Americans simply an instrument for spiting the West. If it were, it could and would be abandoned by India tomorrow. But it is not. Behind the morality, India's attachment springs from a very simple and respectable cause: self-interest. The Russians have built India's finest steelworks; they have helped it beat down the Western oil monopoly; Communist-bloc technicians and funds are involved in dozens of development projects; exports to Communist countries, and imports from them—for payment in rupees is accepted—form a valuable and increasing part of India's foreign trade. In peacetime, alignment is a luxury which India cannot afford. As one of India's most pro-Western papers said, "There were good reasons for adopting the policy of nonalignment and there still are." But, as it added, "We might look more closely at the way we have practiced it."

It is here that the decisive change has occurred. The illusions which

STEPHEN HUGH-JONES is an assistant editor of the Bombay Indian Express *and correspondent for the* Manchester Guardian.

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made it possible for neutrality so often to mean being neutral against the West have gone—and, I think, gone for good. Never again will an Indian statesman be able blithely to accept the equation that the West, with all its virtues, stands for imperialism while communism, for all its faults, means liberation. The first ten days of the fighting produced a really astounding revulsion of public feeling against the kind of nonalignment which India had practiced up till then, and of gratitude toward the West. When it came to the push, people realized who were standing at India's side. Not Tito, Nasser, Sukarno or Nkrumah, and still less Khrushchev (on whom New Delhi had built such hopes that he would at least restrain Peking, if he could not publicly support India).

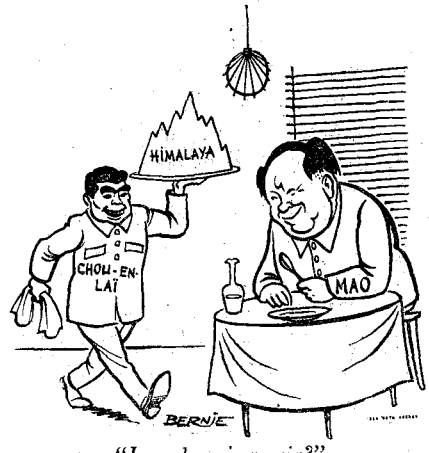
THIS emotional revulsion, which was expressed in scores of letters to the papers, in speeches, in private conversation almost anywhere, and by commentators who only twelve months before would have been loyally mouthing the purest creed of nonalignment, gave way to a more rational and perhaps longer-lasting calculation of self-interest. The nonaligned countries, which, by and large, had remained nonaligned in this dispute also, started to come out with a slight but noticeable bias to India's side. The Russians seemed to wish they had not slipped so far off the fence. But as anger against them subsided, the mood of questioning that followed revealed some truths which have hardly ever been publicly acknowledged in India except by the professional allies of the West.

People began to appreciate, now, that their anger and disappointment had been unreasonable. It was natural that the other nonaligned powers should hesitate to come out openly for India. It was understandable that the Soviet Union should initially have tended to support its ideological allies. But precisely because these reasons and excuses were there, it became plain that the only dependable allies were the countries of the West. Moral justification did not alter hard facts, and whatever the value of nonalignment in time of peace, people realized, when the crisis came there was only one yardstick: who is with us?

I think this hard-headed attitude will survive the present troubles. It is unlikely that India will ever again stalk the world with a purely moral measuring tape. This does not mean that the West can expect to find itself any better loved, but it can expect to find its actions judged by Indians as Indians, not moralists.

At a less sophisticated level, the West may even find itself better loved. I happened to be handling the correspondence columns of an Indian paper throughout the crisis. The themes of literally dozens of letters were "now our eyes are open" and "at last we see who our real friends are." The speed and generosity of American and British aid have profoundly impressed the Indian public. Toward the United States there is gratitude; toward the British a revival of that curious, sentimental but real affection which bound the imperialist and his former subject in the first years of independence, but which seemed more recently to have snapped under the strain of repeated disagreements. How permanent these feelings will be it is hard to say. A rousing Kashmir debate might help to dispel them; a real Kashmir war, with the West remaining neutral, would certainly do so. Short of these, I think it will be a long time before Indians forget that, whatever may happen in the Congo or Yemen, when their country really needed help it came from the West.

What positive effects can we expect to see in India's international policies? In the cold-war context, it is hard to say: it depends too much on what happens to the fighting. If the border becomes peaceful again, it will still be in India's interest to be on as good terms as possible with both East and West. Locally, it is certain that India will look with far less disdain on those, like itself, who face Chinese aggression, or whose diplomatic sympathy it needs. The crisis found India desperately friendless. The Chinese have concluded frontier agreements with Nepal and Burma, and are planning talks with Pakistan. They have just made a trade-and-aid agreement with Ceylon. The Nepalis, headed by King Mahendra, have been antagonized by India's failure to suppress the anti-royalist rebels who operate from Indian territory. The Ceylonese are at loggerheads with India over the stateless Tamil laborers of Indian descent. The Pakistanis have Kashmir to grieve over. The Southeast Asians have a decade of snubs in which India has looked distantly on while they struggled with Communist infiltration. The exception is Indonesia. The value of the soft soap expended on President Sukarno was proved at the Asian Games.



"Icy dressing, sir?"

OF all these countries, the only one that came out with prompt and public expressions of support for India was Malaya (it is not so long ago that New Delhi looked on the dream of Malaysia with barely concealed suspicion as running dogs of neocolonialism). The extent to which realism is breaking in is to be seen in favorable references in Indian press commentaries even to Taiwan—a Taiwan, remember, which supports the Chinese claims, but which here and now threatens Peking and not India. New Delhi will hardly go so far. But a livelier sense of self-interest and a rather less acute one of morals are in the air.

What does the crisis mean at home? The change here is almost unbelievable. It may be worth explaining that the common picture abroad of India as a heroic democracy marching in giant strides toward prosperity and social justice, a hundredfold version of Zionist Israel, is a work of art, not reality. Foreigners who live here see a land riven by factions and feuds of religion, caste and language; state squabbling with state over river

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waters or boundaries; politics corrupt and totally unprincipled; politicians preaching Gandhiism and practicing grab; inequalities of wealth monstrous and growing worse.

This picture, in fact, is also a work of art, but it is a terribly persuasive one; and, though not the whole truth, it is part of the truth. Yet for the last four weeks, this picture has changed. With the sole exception of the pro-Chinese wing of the Communist Party, some of whom are now in preventive detention, the nation has risen like one man to the challenge of invasion (perhaps because the invasion is still confined to a distant, almost inaccessible border). Enormous sums of money and gold ornaments have been offered to the new National Defense Fund. Ex-soldiers have volunteered in numbers. Opposition parties, even one which wants to separate South India from the rest of the country, have offered the government their support.

THE FLY in this ointment was Mr. Krishna Menon. With the best will in the world, those who for years had been derided for denouncing his ideas did not feel they could unite while he remained in the post where he had already proved a failure. It wasn't his political failure that was his undoing. To be wrong about Chinese intentions, though dangerous, was not a crime—and it was an error that had been shared by many eminent Indians, Mr. Nehru among them. But a wave of fury swept the country when it was learned just how ill-equipped the Indian Army had been. Whatever one thought of him, Mr. Menon was popularly agreed to be a competent departmental Minister, and in particular to have enormously increased indigenous defense production. Yet when the test came, it transpired that he could build prototype jet fighters, but not light machine guns; that he could supply espresso coffee machines, but not blankets, boots and winter clothing. Menon's political allies have tried to represent the feeling against him as an artificial political campaign whipped up by opponents of nonalignment. This is untrue. What removed Krishna Menon was popular feeling.

There was no doubt that Nehru wanted Menon to stay. He refused Menon's resignation as early as October 30, a week before he finally accepted it. His revelation that this was so, and that the responsibility must therefore rest entirely on him, would normally have been enough to win the day. The dissidents might grumble, but "Panditji knows best." This time the dissidents stood up, in the executive meeting of the Congress members of Parliament which sealed Menon's fate, and defied Panditji's judgment.

Menon was a scapegoat in one sense. He represented the era of vacillation, of half-heartedness, of uncertainty and confusion and bewilderment—an era which the Indian people have the will (and at least a reasonable chance) of putting behind them for ever. He stood not for Nehru's policies and leadership, but for the lack of them. The politicians' revolt was not against what Nehru had decided, but against what he had not decided—then, and for so many years before. The people are determined. Their response to the threat of war—at least, to the threat of a non-nuclear war—left a fairly cynical man like me moved and humble. If India can win through to a just peace, it will face the future, leader and people together, in far better shape than it was only a month ago. The Chinese may find they have achieved the one thing they cannot have wished to achieve.

KENNEDY: The Reluctant Emancipator . . *by Howard Zinn*

THE DISPATCH of federal troops to Oxford, Mississippi, tends to obscure the true cautiousness of John F. Kennedy in the movement for Negro rights. Oxford diverted attention from Albany, Georgia. In the former, the national government moved boldly and with overwhelming force. In the latter, which twice this past year has been the scene of Negro demonstrations, mass arrests and official violence, the federal government showed cautiousness to the point of timidity. The two situations, occurring in comparable Black Belt areas, point up the ambiguous, uncomfortable role of the Administration in civil rights. Oxford is fresh in the memory today and has been the object of an international uproar. Albany, now in the backwash of national attention, deserves to be brought forward for a good look.

I had the benefit of two such looks: last December, when that Black Belt city erupted with racial demonstrations for the first time in a long history going back to slavery days; and again last summer, when trouble burst out once more. Both times, the Southern Regional Council, which studies race matters throughout the South from its headquarters in Atlanta, had asked me to investigate and report. What I saw convinced me that the national government has an undeserved reputation, both among Southern opponents and Northern supporters, as a vigorous combatant for Negro rights.

To be fair, this much should be said at the outset in behalf of the Administration: fundamentally, it is behaving no differently from any of its precedessors. We have always lived in a white society, where even liberalism is tinged with whiteness. I am measuring the actions of the Kennedys not against past performances, but against the needs of our time. My object is not to denounce, but to clarify. It is important for American citizens to know exactly

HOWARD ZINN is chairman of the Department of History and Social Science at Spelman College. His full report on Albany may be secured from the Southern Regional Council, 5 Forsyth St., Atlanta, Ga.

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how far they can depend on the national government, and how much remains for them to do. In the field of racial equality, this government simply cannot be depended upon for vigorous initiatives. It will, however, respond to popular indignation and pressure. When I say that it often responds slowly and reluctantly, my intention is not to vilify John F. Kennedy, but to light a flame under the rest of us.

The Kennedy Administration has set limits, never publicized but nevertheless implicit in its actions, to its own power in the field of desegregation. It will act to keep law and order in cases of extreme and admitted defiance of federal authority, as in Oxford. But it will not act against violation of federal law in other cases—in Albany, Georgia, for instance—where the circumstances are less stark.

THERE is a rough analogy between Lincoln's insistence (in that famous letter to Horace Greeley) that he was more concerned with *union* than with slavery, and Kennedy's unspoken but obvious preoccupation with *law and order* above either desegregation or the right of free assembly. This explains why the Justice Department, while over a period of nine months 1,000 Negroes were being jailed in Albany for peaceful demonstrations against racial discrimination, gave tacit support to the chief of police for maintaining "law and order." Only after eight months of pressure and complaint did it enter the picture as "friend of the court" in a defensive suit. But it never took the initiative in behalf of Albany Negroes.

The analogy with Lincoln is only a rough one because even the "law and order" principle is applied by Kennedy rather narrowly, with shadowy situations interpreted against the Negro rather than for him. In the case of Ole Miss, the law was unquestionably clear and the imminence of disorder equally clear. But in Albany, there was legal doubt. True, there was an Interstate Commerce Commission ruling and explicit court decisions calling for desegregation of the bus and train terminals. But did not the chief of police say on three successive occasions, when arresting young people who had used the "white" section of the terminal, that it was not a matter of race, but of keeping "order"? A forthright national government might have dismissed this argument as easily as it did Barnett's contention that race was not the basic reason for barring James Meredith from Ole Miss. But the Kennedy Administration chose not to challenge Albany's Chief Pritchett.

And when, last December, more than 700 Negro men, women and children were packed into jails in the Albany area for protesting segregation by marching through downtown streets and holding prayer meetings in front of City Hall, the government might have gone to court, on the basis of the First Amendment, to defend the right of free assembly. It might be contended, however, that with Negroes in jail, Albany had more "order." Also, constitutional lawyers disagree over the right of the government to take the initiative in enforcing the First Amendment. The Kennedy Administration has talked of the New Frontier, but perhaps this frontier does not extend into the South or into the field of constitutional law.

ALBANY is a quiet commercial town in southwest Georgia surrounded by farm land that, in pre-Civil War days, was slave plantation country. Negroes, once a majority in the community, now make up 40 per cent of its population of 56,000. Interestingly enough, like many Southern cities just beginning the process of desegregation, Albany has been free of white mob violence of the kind that made headlines at Oxford, Little Rock and a few other places. When, last December, Negroes marched downtown in large but peaceful groups to sing and pray in front of City Hall, whites stood by and watched with curiosity—resentful, perhaps, but quiet. It was the city and county officials who, by jailing the peaceful demonstrators, repeatedly violated the Fourteenth Amendment, which not only prohibits the application of local law on the basis of color, but also—according to constitutional doctrine accepted since the 1920s—bars deprivation by local officials of the rights of free speech, assembly and petition.

The fact that it was local police who violated constitutional doctrine is important because it is against local governments, rather than private persons, that the federal government has the clearest right to act in defense of the rights of citizens.

A SHAKY truce ended the December demonstrations, which had been provoked by arrests at the train terminal, but were rooted, of course, in the total segregation and white domination that make Albany, Georgia, such a hard place for Negroes to live in. By January, the truce began to fall apart. That month, an eighteen-year-old Negro girl named Ola Mae Quarterman sat in the front seat of an Albany bus, refused to move on the command of the driver, was arrested by a policeman and convicted in city court for using "obscene" language. The driver testified that she had told him: "I paid my damn twenty cents, and I can sit where I want." Subsequently Miss Quarterman told a federal court, to which her case had gone on appeal, that she had used the word "damn" in relation to her twenty cents, not in relation to the driver. (Anywhere but in the Deep South a judge might have thought it incredible that she should be forced to defend her words by making such a distinction.) The city's counsel insisted her race had nothing to do with her arrest, and in cross-examination asked if it were not true that the cause of her arrest was her "vulgar language." She replied softly, "That's what they said."

There followed several hundred arrests as the city police moved promptly against every Negro who, in any way and under any circumstances, challenged segregation patterns: two young men who sat in the Trailways terminal restaurant; four men picketing a store downtown; thirty youngsters asking service at a lunch counter; twenty-nine people praying in front of City Hall; thirty-two Negroes on the way to City Hall; 150 more on the way to City Hall; seven praying in front of City Hall; ten more, eighteen more, sixteen more, all praying in front of City Hall; fourteen praying

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at the Carnegie Library—all thrown into jail.

After a thousand arrests, Police Chief Laurie Pritchett emerged into national prominence as some sort of hero. He had kept the peace. Somehow, the standard for American democracy accepted by the Administration became the standard for the nation: the sole criterion was the prevention of violence. The fact that violence had at no time been imminent in the demonstrations was overlooked.

THERE is a statute in the U.S. Criminal Code, Section 242, going back to 1866, which makes it a crime for a local law-enforcement officer deliberately to subject "any inhabitant of any State . . . to the deprivation of any rights, privileges, or immunities secured or protected by the Constitution and laws of the United States. . . ." Under any reasonable interpretation, this law was broken in Albany at least thirty times from November 1, 1961, when police for the first time ignored the ICC ruling desegregating the bus terminal, to the middle of August, 1962, when three youngsters trying to attend service at a white church were arrested. To select one instance with at least fifty witnesses: a county judge watched quietly from his bench as deputy sheriffs dragged and pushed out of his courtroom five young people—one Negro and four whites—who had taken seats in the "wrong" section (by race). One was a young woman whom a deputy dragged over a row of seats and pushed through a revolving door.

The U. S. Department of Justice maintains an FBI office in Albany. Affidavits have flowed into that FBI office in a steady stream, attesting to violations by local officials of the constitutional rights of Negroes. But nothing was done. As recently as last week, the Rev. Martin Luther King, Jr., publicly charged that the FBI agents in Albany have been favoring the segregationists. [As to the role of the FBI in the investigation of complaints by Negroes in the South charging violations of civil rights, and of the attitude of Negroes toward the bureau, see Volume V of the 1961 *Report of the Civil Rights Commission,* particularly the notes on pages 211 and 219.—Ed.]

The Department of Justice, citing a 1943 case in which the conviction of a Georgia sheriff in the brutal killing of a Negro named Bobby Hall was overturned by a narrow Supreme Court interpretation of Section 242, takes the position that it should prosecute only in *extreme* cases of police brutality. This policy allows transgressors of Negro rights who stop short of premeditated murder to act with reasonable assurance that the federal government will not move. Last summer, at least three acts of brutality occurred in the Albany area, were duly reported to the FBI, and thus far have resulted in no federal action. I will describe these three in some detail as told to me by the principals.

ON July 23, 1962, about 5:30 P.M., Mrs. Slater King, wife of a Negro leader in the Albany Movement, drove from Albany to the Camilla jail in neighboring Mitchell County, carrying food to a girl who had been arrested with a hundred other Negroes while on a march to City Hall. Mrs. King was in her sixth month of pregnancy, and had her three children along. "All you niggers get away from the fence," one of the deputies standing nearby called out as a group of visiting women approached the jailhouse. Mrs. King walked slowly towards her car. A deputy pointed her out, cursed her, threatened to arrest her if she didn't hurry. She turned and said, "If you want to arrest me, go ahead." She was then kicked, hit twice on the side of the head and was knocked unconscious.

Several days later, William Hansen, a twenty-year-old white field worker for the Student Non-Violent Coordinating Committee, and a veteran of jails in Mississippi and Maryland for participating in desegregation actions, was put in the Dougherty County jail in Albany after a prayer session in front of City Hall. A prison trustee, to whom the jailer had earlier suggested that Hansen needed to be "straightened out," beat the Cincinnati youth into senselessness as he sat on the floor reading. His jaw and several ribs were broken. Bleeding profusely from the mouth, he asked the jailer for medical aid, and was told this was not within the jailer's jurisdiction. Finally, a message shouted through the cell window brought about his transfer to the city jail, where he was hospitalized.

THAT same Saturday afternoon, C. B. King, thirty-six, the first and only Negro attorney in the city of Albany and the legal backbone of the Albany Movement, heard of Hansen's beating. He visited Sheriff Cull Campbell of Dougherty County to check on Hansen's condition. A Negro minister who was waiting to meet King in the Sheriff's office at the time later described what happened. Sheriff Campbell, seeing King in his office, said, "Nigger, haven't I told you to wait outside?" As King turned to reply, the Sheriff picked up a walking stick and hit him viciously on the head, breaking the cane. King staggered from the office, blood streaming from his head and crossed the street to City Hall, where Chief Pritchett had him taken to a hospital. Pritchett, who had just arrested twenty-eight Negroes for praying and singing in front of City Hall, called the beating of King "very regrettable." *The New York*

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Times reporter, Claude Sitton, noted that "Chief Pritchett had more than 160 city, county and state law-enforcement officers standing by to prevent violence." Sheriff Campbell readily admitted the beating, when I questioned him a month after the incident: "Yeh, I knocked hell out of him, and I'll do it again. I let him know I'm a white man and he's a damn nigger."

All of the above three incidents were reported to the FBI, which dutifully recorded them. Thus far, the federal government has taken no action.

THE few things that the national government *did* do in Albany give a clue to the boundaries it has drawn for itself in the field of civil rights. It went into a frantic day of telephone calls when Martin Luther King, Jr., was jailed in Albany; King, of course, is a politically important symbol. President Kennedy, in answer to questions on Albany at two different press conferences, made two statements. In one, he criticized Albany officials for refusing to negotiate with Negroes; in the other, he denounced the burning of Negro churches that had been used for voter-registration activities in the Albany area. The President's plea for negotiation, like his careful speech on the eve of Meredith's registration at Ole Miss, carefully skirted the moral issue of racial equality and stuck to procedural questions: the law, negotiation. The President has still not followed the advice of his own Civil Rights Commission to give "moral leadership" and to use "education and persuasion." His statement on church-burning covered two points on which the Administration is especially sensitive: its antipathy to nationally publicized violence and its careful defense of voting rights (but not other rights) guaranteed by the Constitution. The only federal suit initiated by the Justice Department in the Albany area was in defense of voter-registration activity.

THERE is a plausible legal argument to the effect that voting rights are protected by specific legislation (the Civil Rights Acts of 1957 and 1960), while the First Amendment rights of free speech, assembly, etc., and the Fourteenth Amendment right to color-blind treatment by local officials, are not. However, a national administration less timorous than the present one could find solid legal sanction for the widespread use of injunctions to protect free assembly and to attack legal segregation. In the Debs case of 1895, the Supreme Court supported the issuance of injunctions without specific statutory basis, saying: "Every government has a right to apply to its own courts in matters which the Constitution has entrusted to the care of the national government." This ruling has never been overturned.

A truly bold national administration might do the following: (1) prosecute vigorously, under Sec. 242, violations of Negro rights by local officers; (2) create a corps of special agents — not encumbered, as is the FBI, by intimate relations with local police officers—to prevent, as well as to investigate, violations of constitutional rights; (3) use the power of injunction freely, both to prevent policemen from curtailing the right of assembly and petition and to break down legal enforcement of segregation; (4) tell the South and the nation frankly that racial discrimination is morally wrong as well as illegal, and that the nation intends to wipe it out.

AT THIS moment, because of the limitations that the Administration has imposed upon itself, there is a vast no-man's-land for American Negroes into which they are invited by the Constitution, but where federal authority will not protect them. It was into this no-man's-land that the Negro population of Albany ventured, and found itself deserted. The future may bring one or two more Oxfords, but there are a hundred potential Albanys. Throughout the Deep South, Negroes are on the move towards dangerous territory. And so far, though these men, women and children live in a nation whose power encircles the globe and reaches into space, they are very much on their own.

THE CHANNEL: Bridge or Tunnel . . *by David Cort*

FIVE HUNDRED years overdue, the Common Market of Europe (technically the European Economic Community and the Coal and Steel Community), based in Brussels and Luxembourg, has arrived. England's prospective economic tie with the Continent, via membership in the market, hypothecates a physical connection. And this logic has revived the idea of a tunnel under the English Channel. More than a symbol of European union, something of the kind would be essential for heavy express traffic, though the great mass of goods would still be carried by sea.

The idea of a tunnel is not new. Napoleon's engineers had it first. Actual tunnel companies were formed in England and France in 1872 and 1875 and actual tunnels were begun in 1881. England's went a mile and three quarters, France's a mile. The original movers' grandsons, Paul Leroy-Beaulieu and Leo D'Erlanger, met by chance in 1954 and reactivated the idea. It shows that the talk among the rich is sometimes very dreamy.

It was suddenly realized that England's old fear of invasion by tunnel was dead. It was noted that New York and New Jersey had not used the Lincoln Tunnel for warlike purposes, and that Shakespeare's opinion of geography-*cum*-politics was perhaps not the final one.

DAVID CORT is a frequent contributor. His latest book is The Minstrel Boy (*Macmillan*), *a novel.*

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The present Channel Study Group is owned in four equal blocks: by the Channel Tunnel Co., Ltd. (one-quarter controlled by the British Government's transport commission), France's Société Concessionaire, the Suez Co. (one-third controlled by the British Government), and an American group called Technical Studies, Inc., backed by Morgan Stanley and Dillon, Read.

The tunnel involves loading trucks and cars on flat-cars and whisking them through the tunnel at up to ninety miles an hour. For some reason, this prospect irritates the French trucking syndicates, which are newly rich.

And so the truckers instigated and financed the rival Société d'Etude du Pont sur La Manche, of which the key word is Pont (for bridge), to save truckers from the humiliation of riding on a train. They got the Socialist politician, Jules Moch, to head their mockery. A bridge has the great advantages that whereas a tunnel would cost only $280,000,000 (plus rail installation) a bridge would cost $600,000,000; a bridge would be gloriously conspicuous, especially to the greatly increased Channel shipping trying to get under it in the frequent gales and fogs; a bridge would offer truckers an awesome view of the walls required to keep the gales from blowing the vehicles off the bridge; and in case of war the bridge could easily be bombed or used to dominate the Channel.

But an even worse alternative presently leaped to the mind of men: a dam, which would also provide electric power. The warmer water flowing from the southwest into the Channel now tempers the climate of eastern England and the Low Countries. To shut it off might put these areas into a winter deep-freeze, paralyzing sea-traffic. The whole water and land ecologies would change. New currents would build up and erode new shorelines dictated by them, not by governments. This sort of fooling with nature always produces results that have not been predicted, expected or wanted.

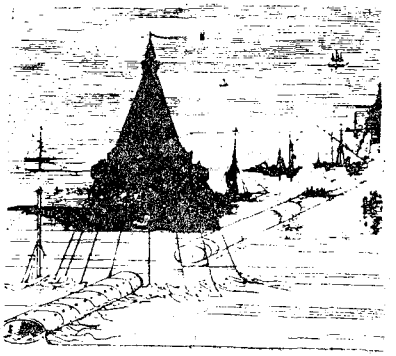
THE BRIDGE, to a lesser extent, would accomplish some of the same ends, though more slowly.

"As for me," De Gaulle said at a dinner party, "I am a tunnelist." Another tunnelist has said, "A tunnel of love or a bridge of sighs."

The tunnel would probably run thirty-two miles—twenty-three under the sea—through grey Dover chalk, from Folkestone to Sangette. It would consist of two one-way tubes, with a smaller service tube between. At the terminal, various kinds of railway cars would load trucks, private cars and passengers very rapidly. Electric trains would leave every five minutes, and would take about half an hour for the sub-Channel trip. Since a train in a tunnel pushes air ahead and sucks air in behind, the tunnel operation would provide its own ventilation, improved by the cross-vents into the service tube.

The proposed bridge would have a five-lane highway for internal combustion engines, two tracks for trains, two lanes for two-wheeled vehicles. Ten spans, for the big ships to pass, would be 230 feet high (twenty-three feet higher than the Queen Mary) and 1,394 feet long. If the seas ran twenty-five feet high, the Queen Mary's captain would be wise to heave to. In fact, in a normal Channel fog, no captain would take his ship through. The consequent parking jam, in fog and gale, is something to be imagined.

THE bridge advocates, or railroad-haters, have two formidable arguments. One is that people might get claustrophobia in a tunnel. The other, entirely mystical, is expressed in the title of their report, "The Quarrel between Ancients and Moderns," the moderns being themselves,



Schemes for tunneling the channel go back to the middle of the last century. Here is an old print, dated 1851, delineating a plan proposed by a Frenchman, Hector Horeau.

the truckers. The real argument for the bridge is the same as for the ancients' 500-foot Pharos lighthouse at Alexandria. Anything that big and visible is glorious. Drivers subject to vertigo might find it too glorious.

To end this vain and venal joke, the English Channel is an international waterway and every maritime nation, including the USSR, has a legal right to object to a bridge across it.

Russia, of course, has suddenly discovered that the Common Market (and, doubtless soon, the tunnel) is "a political and military conspiracy" against Moscow, "this precious stone set in its golden land, which serves in the office of a wall. . . ." The fact that for five years, on the contrary, Moscow thought the Common Market a capitalistic clowning tells us a good deal about the brain in the Kremlin, at least in this area. It woke up May 23, 1962 (reported in *The Nation* August 25, 1962), with a full-page diatribe in *Pravda*. But the date was very late.

The Kremlin had not realized that the Common Market's predecessor and model, in a stronger form, was the signing of the American Constitution of union in 1787, as Clarence Streit has pointed out. This too looked like a joke to the European chancellories at the time.

ENGLAND AT the moment has heard the Commonwealth states' objections to its joining the Common Market and the politico-economic reporters are writing their usual gibberish, to sound as if they knew something when there is nothing to know. England in the Common Market may well pave the way for some of the Commonwealth nations to follow. To the American press, as contrasted with government, the whole thing is merely a matter of tariffs and economics, and assigned to the dull boys. In all the reporting I have read, there is not the smallest hint that a tremendous thing has happened, is happening, and is increasing.

The American Government, one feels, is not nearly so stupid in this matter as the American press or the Kremlin or the Commonwealth. The variations in stupidity will not be explored here.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

Chekhov: Contradictions of a Good Man

CHEKHOV. By Ernest J. Simmons. Little, Brown and Co. 669 pp. $10.

Harold Clurman

IT IS an axiom — and like all axioms subject to exception — that an artist puts the best part of himself into his work. His everyday life is its dross. But certain notable artists, as admirable in their person as in their creative legacy, are what we might call good men. A few come to mind: Shakespeare (as far as we know), Mozart, Verdi and, closer to our day, Anton Pavlovich Chekhov.

The chief merit of Ernest Simmons' voluminous new biography — based to a considerable extent on the 4,200 Chekhov letters that have been published — is that it provides evidence of Chekhov's personal goodness. The biography is not a critical literary study, though the time, nature, purport and destiny of Chekhov's short stories — comprising more than twenty volumes — are all duly recorded. The emphasis throughout is on Chekhov the man. Writing in simple, unacademic prose, Simmons has performed his task well: he has shown us that Chekhov's life, for all its pain, was a beautiful one.

It is often agreed (particularly in the theatre) that a noble character is harder to make interesting than a villain. (Iago is a more grateful part than Othello!) There are at least two reasons for this: we doubt our own virtue and thus identify with the villain's vices which are somehow made understandably fascinating; and we think of nobility (or goodness) as being all of one piece — monotonously without complexity or contradiction.

But Chekhov abounded in contradictions. We are inclined to think of him as virginal. When Gorky in his memoirs tells us that Tolstoy asked Chekhov if in his youth he had had anything to do with loose women — Tolstoy used much coarser language — Gorky reports that Chekhov blushed "like a girl." Yet we learn — to our naive surprise — that he did his share of whoring. And he fell passionately in love and married only four years before his death at the age of forty-four.

He complained of his own laziness and one would think from Simmons' account of his gregariousness and his constant, large-scale hospitality that he worked very little; yet he filled those twenty volumes, the earliest of his short stories or sketches having been written at the age of twenty while he was still a medical student. He became a universally beloved author in his own time, but he generally referred to himself as a doctor and suffered a sense of guilt for having "betrayed" medicine — though he practiced it the greater part of his life. His literary motives were "pure," but he began writing for money: to support his parents, four brothers and a sister. He is one of the outstanding dramatists of the modern era but his two greatest plays, *The Three Sisters* and *The Cherry Orchard*, were virtually forced from him by The Moscow Art Theatre, and if he hadn't been eager to supply his actress wife with a leading role he might not have written the latter play at all.

THE contradictions multiply. Chekhov recognized the symptom of his fatal tuberculosis at an early age, but he never took proper care of himself; and though a physician with faith in medicine, as in the other sciences, he declared that doctoring oneself was "one form of the most repulsive egoism." He admired Tolstoy, but rejected the central principle of Tolstoy's teaching — non-resistance to evil. "In electricity and steam," Chekhov said, "there is more love than in chastity and abstinence from meat." Chekhov believed that freedom could be menaced by the Left as well as by the Right. He condemned a Socialist-minded writer for taking advantage of a cholera epidemic to promote riots. "Employing vile means to attain good ends," he said, "makes the ends themselves vile." But he read an illegal Marxist journal.

We have all heard that Chekhov regarded his so-called dramas of frustration — they bore a few and move most of us to tears — as comedies. (He was of a gay disposition and liked to tease people and devise practical jokes.) To this day, Chekhov's plays on the stage are distorted either by being made heavily glum or — in an attempt to follow Chekhov's prescription literally — by being made foolishly comic.

Gaev in *The Cherry Orchard* says, "When many things are prescribed to cure a disease, that means it's incurable." Broadening this we might infer Chekhov to believe that life itself is without remedy, evil being immanent in all of it. Was Chekhov then a pessimist? No one aware of the effect his work makes — or of Chekhov's personal history as Simmons now recounts it — can fail to recognize the "life-affirming" nature of both. Chekhov, like most of his char-

Sit-In Vigil

His body must be still,
Though fired upon by fifty eyes,
And flanking clack of spoons and cups,
Machine guns . . . . . must be still.

Trust it — his black statue
Would remain; and so he shed it.

Ethereal his speed to that certain place:
Warm dirt, and the first-hand feel of
hot sunlight —
A deathless pasture where membership was
everyone's —
Only to be child-high.

Blackberry, blueberry,
Both our names begin with "B,"
Pick and eat, pick and carry,
Play is true, play is real.

And then daylight withdrew like an angel.

Return was quick; he sat again —
A skin erect upon a counter-stool;
His lips cold, his lips vastly still
Had eaten nothing, not even hate.

Elizabeth Randall-Mills

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acters, was an ineradicable idealist, always seeking, always calling for, a better life. (Those who fail in this are the negative characters.) The majority possess the only true hopefulness. It is hope under adverse circumstances: that of the dirty, illiterate, censor-ridden, backward, Czarist regime, which others might have considered a time without any possible chance of amelioration.

TO READ Simmons' biography today is to be inspired anew by the man and artist Chekhov was. He marks a point of balance between the undisturbed liberalism of the early rationalist Enlightenment — our normal tradition — and the latter-day nihilism in which life is felt to be "absurd" — without worth and without dignity, a fraud perpetuated by a nameless, blind force. Chekhov, who lived in "evil times," racked by consumption, pursued by debt (though he came to earn a considerable amount of money), achieved a work and lived his days brimming with a wonderful love of life. As a doctor, as a public-spirited man, he participated in active work of widest range, making major contributions to the establishment and construction of schools, libraries, clinics.

We might designate Chekhov as the arch-humanist of modern literature, but through repetition the appellation has taken on a cold, scholastic, empty sound. The clue to Chekhov's character, as to his work, is *tenderness*. Chekhov deeply cared for people in every aspect of their lives. He even cared for fools and misfits, for he saw in each of them what essential and sound human element had been disfigured to make them what they were. His was not a mawkish tenderness, however; he didn't think we are all "beautiful people." He was always objective and realistic enough to point out the blemishes which cause nearly all of us to fall far from grace. But these made him less angry than sorrowful, while there always remained within him a tonic sense of humor. One might say that Chekhov forgave all because he understood all, but he was much too modest for that. His tenderness was companionate.

For a long time Chekhov was held to be the "poet" of ennui or boredom. Many people are bored today. But these are usually bored because there are so many things they think they ought to do, so many things they are formally obliged to do, so many things they despair of doing, so many things they are busy doing for which they see little reason and in which they feel no satisfaction. They are driven, thus, into a kind of insensibility. If Chekhov's people were bored it was because there did not seem to be enough things for them to do which might embody their deepest desires — activities which might eventuate as substantial, visible accomplishments. But the vital point to note is that Chekhov's characters do *desire*, so that their failure and unhappiness are more sympathetic than is the boredom of so many busy people today whose aim is merely to be busy, who desire nothing in particular except comfort or sex without qualms.

Chekhov never failed to answer a letter, never refused to receive a friend, rarely turned down anyone — no matter how obscure — who wished to make any real contact with him. He was available to experience. That is why he is immemorial to our hearts; and his writing will last a long time because in it, to quote Tolstoy, "The illusion of truth is complete."

Trapped in Our Strategy

KILL AND OVERKILL. By Ralph E. Lapp. Basic Books. 197 pp. $4.95.

James E. McDonald

"WE ARE trapped in an arms economy and a weapons culture," and powerful forces holding the jaws of that trap defy any early escape. We have put our national defense into the hands of groups whose "dominating policy has been an unlimited build-up of arms — the hardware came first, the philosophy could come later." That hardware has eventually dictated a philosophy couched in terms of a delicate balance of terror, but increasing weight of evidence indicates that "the strategy of enforcing peace through terror is shot through with fallacies and contradictions." In such terms Ralph Lapp condemns a strategy that he fears is soon to bring our uneasy peace to such a degree of instability that the weapons themselves will begin to rule our destinies by forcing our leaders to change from abhorrence to dread acceptance of a first-strike policy. And, we learn, our nuclear stockpile now holds enough megatonnage to overkill the Soviet Union twenty-five times.

Dr. Lapp writes as one who has been closely involved in this story from its quiet university laboratory beginnings some twenty-five years ago. His unparalleled record as a watchdog and monitor of our nuclear weaponeers during the past decade enables him to assemble into this lucid and powerful book an account of all the major factors that have operated to create our present strategy of annihilation. In place of ethereal strategizing and callous gamesmanship, Lapp gives his reader the facts, names, dates and weapons-technology data that must form the basis of the informed citizen's views in this awesome area. In contrast to the dubiously contrived and euphemized discussions by certain of his predecessors, his analyses of nuclear policies and strategies are refreshingly clear, sensible and very blunt. The citizen seeking a sound overall view of our nuclear dilemma must read this very important book.

And that the citizen has a responsibility, and an urgent one, to contribute to national decisions on nuclear policy is a point Lapp stresses in many ways. He notes, for instance, that "the problems of nuclear warfare are not really military in nature, nor does military training per se endow anyone with special wisdom or competence in the waging of such war. . . . If the weapons themselves are no longer strictly soldiers' tools, in the traditional sense, nuclear *strategy* is even farther removed from the limited competence of the military mind. . . ."

Lapp's studies warn him that world nuclear disarmament is the only sure and final salvation, yet his realism leads him to fear that "in the present atmosphere of acute distrust, general and complete disarmament is indeed a hopeless dream." As a minimum alternative, he pleads that we do everything in our power to halt the race for more and more-powerful nuclear arms. The question of how to stop it is the life-and-death question of the 1960s, he warns; the 1970s will be too late. Lapp's book closes with seven specific recommendations for immediate action.

First, he urges that our missile program be revised in order to make it a *truly retaliatory force* rather than one tailored for a first strike. Lapp, like Oskar Morgenstern, argues the simple logic that the continental-based Air Force Atlas-Titan-Minuteman missile program, once it is fully armed in about 1964-5, will constitute a terrible *destabilizing* factor in every international crisis, and this simply because these fixed-base missiles will always be more vulnerable than their sea-based Polaris counterparts. To be sure that we don't find

JAMES E. McDONALD is a senior physicist at the Institute of Atmospheric Physics, the University of Arizona.

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ourselves unarmed by an enemy first strike, we ourselves will be tempted to strike first — a temptation that could never be thrust upon us had we kept our missile force a purely retaliatory force at sea. To shift to a form of deterrent that will neither tempt the enemy to hit us first, nor panic us into striking first, is Lapp's first strong plea.

Second, he recommends that the AECs' and the military's insatiable appetite for larger and larger bomb stockpiles be curbed and that we look behind the AEC and the Defense Department to Congressmen who have often served as the prime instigators of incredible overproduction for incredible overkill.

Third, he asks that the realm of space be declared out of bounds for military operations and that NASA be given prime authority over big-booster development. He believes that the Russians would be amenable to mutual approach toward this important goal.

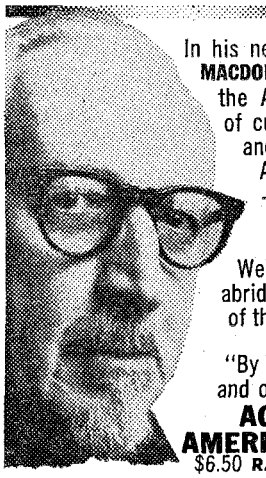
Fourth, his analyses of the hazardous triggering role of accidents or miscalculations, above all in the presence of the intrinsically unstable deterrent force the Air Force is now building for us, lead him to request an international communications system under UN sponsorship for use in speedy checks on false alarms and for clarifying misunderstandings when the decision time drops from a few hours (SAC fail-safe time) to fifteen minutes (time from first radar detection to arrival of transpolar missiles heading either way).

Fifth, Lapp sees value in a thorough study of the effects of nuclear war, to be carried out and widely disseminated by the United Nations. Thus, all the world would know what sober analysis has to say about the chances of any country's "winning" a nuclear war.

Sixth, to break out of the trap of our weapons economy, he advises that new federal agencies and university groups be set up to study the problems of arms control and the transition to a civilian, non-weapons economy.

Finally, speaking from first-hand experience with Congressmen and other Washington officials seeking reliable, nonpartisan advice on the scientifically complicated questions of the nuclear age, he urges establishment of a Science Council to advise our leaders in this strange forbidding area.

No panaceas. No trick solutions. No over-simplified answers of either the Teller or the Goldwater schools arise from Lapp's analysis. We've let ourselves be carried into this situation as a result of international and domestic pressures. What can we now do about it? Lapp's book is an indispensable guide.



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Compulsion to Toughness

STERN. By Bruce Jay Friedman. Simon & Schuster. 191 pp. $3.95.

Jeremy Larner

STERN is less a novel in the conventional sense than simply a record of a particular mentality. The protagonist is a certain kind of Jew not unfamiliar in Yiddish literature, a *shlimazl*, the wise, tender fool, who operates on principles of imagination and humor in a world whose blunt force scares him out of his pants. The brutality of the world scares him so deeply because he has the sensitivity to imagine what could happen next—usually someone slamming him in the stomach, raping his wife, torturing his child, ruthlessly severing the fragile emotional threads on which he has so carefully hung his existence.

The most tenuous of all these threads is the respect he must maintain for himself as a man—in terms of the world's own definition of manliness. The peculiar pressure that inflates this book to the bursting point is created by the author's relentless juxtaposition of the inadequacy of the common notion of manliness with the unavoidable compulsion of the hero to judge himself by it. The texture of the book is essentially poetic; it is the poetry of the feminine, accepting, creative personality challenged from without and within by the necessity to be a man and defend one's home and family against forces which are probably insuperable. Particularly, the conflict is expressed in a mild incident of anti-Semitism: a neighbor calls Stern's wife a kike, pushes her so that she trips and (since the lady is not wearing panties) gains an unexpected glimpse into her privacy. The situation is ridiculous, and ostensibly could be dissipated by a harmless fist fight; but to the wide-hipped, soft-bellied Stern the complications are endless: for he sees beyond the immediate conflict to a hatred and cruelty that his loving nature can never solve by acceptance. In his fantasies, the anti-Semitic neighbor is only a representative of a vast and unbeatable mechanism of blind, unappeasable male viciousness against which he is eternally helpless.

> As he drove by, the man was looming up in front of him, standing, hands in pockets, on the lawn and wearing a veteran's organization jacket. It meant he had come through the worst part of the Normandy campaign, knew how to hold his breath in foxholes for hours at a time and then sneak out to slit a throat in silence. He was skilled as a foot fight-

JEREMY LARNER has published political and literary essays in a number of periodicals. He has just completed his first novel, Drive, He Said.

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er and went always with deadly accuracy to a man's groin.

The terrible thing about Stern's fantasies—the quality which makes them grip and hurt—is that they have a large foundation in fact. Could Stern use the history of this century to soothe away his nightmares? The fact of the pogrom shadows every page of the book. But of course Stern's Jewishness is just a special instance of a general fear and trembling that is the lot not only of Negroes in the South or South Africa, not only of Angolese and Algerians, but of every individual man who can be drafted by the aggressions of huge groups into situations where he must display his manhood and/or perish.

Stern's fantasy of the combat veteran becomes frantically elaborate:

> Frightened of the jacket, Stern realized that he had never really seen the man's face, that he knew only the heaviness of his arms, an inclination of the head, and a certain wetness at the mouth. . . . Another night the man was nowhere in sight and Stern's eyes fixed on the license plates of his car, the two first letters registering "GS." . . . He remembered the letters and made up an organization they might have stood for, Guardian Sons, a group of twenty who sat around on Monday nights and cackled over kikes. Each time Stern saw a prewar car with "GS" letters he was certain it was the man, just coming from a meeting, his glove compartment filled with leaflets. He seemed to see such cars everywhere. Driving past the man's house, he wondered whether he might be able to steal back in the dead of night and destroy the car, dismantling the wiring, and then make it back to his own house undetected.

In his terror, Stern looks for allies, but instead gets only good advice, as when he appeals to a Negro artist acquaintance: "You have got to abstract yourself so that you present a faceless picture to society." Or later, when he stops people on the street and tells them he's going out of his mind: "Never give more'n half a loaf." "You got to stop lookin' for things." "Don't let any person get hold of you." But the trouble with this advice, as with most sound practical advice, is that the nightmare is real.

Stern must go to a sanitarium, where he confronts others who have been grotesquely twisted and debilitated by their failure to meet the threat that they prove themselves. And even at the sanitarium, Stern must cope with his inner demand to act out what is commonly accepted as masculine sexuality, that pointless, loveless, compulsive aggression, "as though only when he'd grabbed a certain number of breasts, stroked a certain number of thighs, racked up a magic number of sleepings would he be able to relax and be married."

But Stern can't relax and be anything. Even in his beautiful creative playing with his son, the fantasies of violence and helplessness intrude:

> And Stern had begun to play "Billy One-Foot" again, a game in which he pretended his leg was a diabolical criminal. "I'll get that Billy One-Foot this time," his son Donald would say, flinging his sucking blanket to the wind and attacking Stern's heavy leg. And Stern, whose leg for months had remained immobile, would lift and twirl it about once again, saying, "Oh no, you don't. No one can ever hope to defeat the powerful Billy One-Foot."

Stern's son flew to the top of a living-room bookcase and said, "Get me down from this blazing fire," and Stern climbed after him, throwing imaginary pails of water on the boy, and then swept him down to administer artificial respiration.

> "I'm down here on the floor trapped and the only thing that can get me up is if someone touches a secret place on my ear three times and then taps me with a banana." The boy followed instructions delightedly, and Stern leaped up to shake his hand, saying, "Thank you for saving your daddy. I now owe you one hundred giraffe tails."

If only imaginary giraffe tails could save, Stern at least would be able to pay the price, which is one of the reasons he's so lovable. The rest of the men in his world never think of giraffes and magic bananas, and Bruce Jay Friedman has a devastating ear for all the nasty little sayings they think are funny. Friedman is nervously alive to every bit of brutality that men grab to get through their lives untouched; he is wide open to the comedy and sadness that attend a man who will be touched. *Stern* is an exceptional first novel. The plot will rupture a purist's sense of novelistic completeness, but the emotional impact accumulates, is steady and of a piece—and that's what counts.

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MUSIC

Benjamin Boretz

CHARLES ROSEN's piano recital, given in Town Hall on November 12, was (as noted here earlier) a serious attempt to achieve genuine musical relevance and distinction within the framework of a "regular" recital program. As far as the performances themselves are concerned, all the expectations that Rosen's prodigious mechanical and conceptual gifts have raised over the years were impressively fulfilled. On the other hand, his apparent hope that, with such a program, he could work miracles from within, convert concert-goers and givers into serious listeners and musicians in one stroke, was clearly unsubstantiated. An audience that will come to hear what appears to be yet another program consisting of a little Mozart, more Beethoven, and lots of Schumann is not, for the most part, one that will come prepared to give its earnest and hard-working attention either to these works or to the perplexities of an advanced new composition like the Boulez Third Sonata, also on the program. Significantly, there seemed to be practically no intersection between this audience and the one at Gunther Schuller's concert reviewed last week. Perhaps the incentive to hear the new Boulez work was simply outweighed by a reluctance to hear still another Schumann *Carnaval;* but perhaps this defection also indicates a growing weariness with the solo recital format itself, a disillusion with its lingering aura of shoddy glamour.

TO MOST of those who were present, the Boulez predictably seemed an utter aberration on the program. Their total bewilderment at encountering in it something other than the usual five-finger neo-Hindemith exercise was, in fact, unmistakably audible throughout the performance. This finally prevented anyone's hearing the work properly, and so insured the complete fruitlessness of all the enormous intellectual and digital labor that must have gone into its preparation. Nothing was really discernible beyond the sonata's stylistic surface, which appears much like that of Boulez' other recent music (with individually distinctive sonoral complexes maximally differentiated from one another in content and presentation) and also like that of the other European composers in and around the Darmstadt circle. This much could have been expected, and revealed as much about the actual sound and nature of the sonata itself as would the ability to hear in an individual Mozart piece only that it sounded a little like Haydn, Pleyel and Clementi, and a great deal like Mozart (whose A minor Rondo K. 511—the most profoundly original music on the concert, and performed searchingly and with beautiful control—reminded one again what a "far out" and intensely aware composer he always was). But whether or not the Boulez is actually nonsense—and there seems no particular reason to doubt that it is—it could hardly have been expected to seem otherwise to most of its hearers on this occasion.

AT THE same time, I am led to wonder whether, conversely, the semblance of respectful attention at other times indicated a real apprehension of such other aspects of the concert as Rosen's brilliant solution to the overwhelming phrasing problems in the second movement of the Beethoven Op. 111, which are at the heart of its entire variational development, or his effortless articulation of its subtle, delicate and treacherous rhythmic shifts (indeed, one reviewer was in serious doubt regarding the very number of movements in the sonata, but was not on this account any less secure or self-satisfied in his judgment of its performance). I know of no other pianist alive capable of sustaining the direction and continuity of this movement so clearly and finely amid the enormous range of surface appearances—from the deceptive simplicity of the opening to the extreme complexities of the trill passages—within which Beethoven pursues his internally unambiguous discourse.

As to the Schumann *Carnaval,* no such lucid, sonorously brilliant, and virtuosic pianism—even sheerly as pianism—has been lavished on this warhorse since, probably, Rachmaninoff. Rosen's approach was considerably different and made its distinctions as economically as possible within a far narrower inflective range, but it bore the same vital relation to his sense of what is still alive in tradition (and the eccentric syncopations can hardly ever have been played with such high-speed nonchalance) that Rachmaninoff's bore to his own creative predilections. And although the playing throughout the evening was of the highest order imaginable, the final encore performance of the Chopin F-sharp major Nocturne, with its intricate and perfectly controlled contrapuntal structure, and the cool logic of its note-successions leading to the beautifully prepared but still arresting final return to the opening sound, was perhaps most remarkable of all.

Plainly, Rosen is a superlative pianist—more, a superlative musician—in terms of the quality of his accomplishments and the depth of his ideas. The question is, however, whether his attempt to salvage a kind of audience-performer "situation" whose implications, rooted in the musical ideology of the previous century, contradict the freshness and vigor of his musical mentality, does not threaten to waste all his quality and dedication.

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ART

Hilton Kramer

PAUL GEORGES' exhibition at the Allan Frumkin Gallery comprises fifteen paintings, all recent and all but two concerned with the figure. One of them, unfortunately the largest, is a giant oddity: a picture called *Great Rape* measuring fourteen feet wide and more than ten feet high and swarming with nude ladies being molested in a pastoral setting. Except as a barometer of the artist's taste and ambition, the work is of little interest. Unlike the women in Georges' other paintings, the figures here are brittle Cézannesque cartoons, and the landscape of their fate is unconvincing. (The two straight landscapes in the show similarly fail.) The picture calls for great powers of invention and design, and these are precisely the areas in which Georges shows no mastery. Twelve of the paintings in the show are portraits, however, and it is in them that the true disposition of Georges' art can be seen.

He brings a freshness and bravura to bear on what is essentially a traditional style: the portrait as it has evolved from Hals and Velasquez through Manet in France to Corinth in Germany and Sargent and Henri in America, but here revivified with some of the lessons of recent abstract painting. His style is thus marked by unconcealed reminiscences of past art to a degree that we are unused to seeing in contemporary work. If this makes Georges sound unadventurous, quite the opposite may be nearer the truth. It is sheer cant to suppose this tradition has been exhausted; no one in our time has explored it deeply enough to find out. Georges himself certainly does not carry the exploration far enough to bring in a definitive report, but what he attempts casts an interesting light on the possible territory ahead.

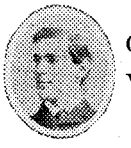
HE WORKS, first of all, with subjects very close to him in life—his wife, often painted in the nude, his children, and an occasional friend, as they appear in his studio—and he works out of the painterly manner closest to him in time, that of Abstract Expressionism. Where he succeeds most clearly is in those pictures —*Self-Portrait and Model in the Studio* in particular, and the head (though not the rest of the picture) in the *Portrait of Kaldis*—in which the subjects are allowed to exercise strict control over the method. Where observed visual fact (and this includes the space in which the figure is seen as much as the figure itself) is given full authority over the freedom of the brush, Georges' portraits have a pictorial solidity that never obtains in those pictures (and parts of pictures) where the unfettered manipulation of paint is used to tidy up and "finish" the composition. What compromises the success of many of Georges' portraits, particularly the nudes, is the shift in pictorial density that occurs when the painter turns his attention away from the plasticity of the model to the amorphous and ill-defined (because ill-conceived) space around her. In moving from what he sees to what the paint must itself invent, the artist suffers a marked diminution in expressive power and the spectator is left with a "sketch" in lieu of the solidity which is implied in the picture's own premises.

GEORGES' paintings may be usefully compared to those of Lovis Corinth (1858-1925) which Frumkin has been exhibiting over the past two years and which may very well have influenced Georges' approach. Corinth's paintings, too, are very much concerned with intimate family subjects, and they abound in quasi-Expressionist flourishes, often quite manic in execution. But in Corinth this painterly abandon has a very different origin and a quite opposite consequence.

As a counterpoint and corrective to the tight, sculptural style of nineteenth-century German painting, with its overriding emphasis on precise definition, Corinth's freer brushwork represents an expressive liberation from a convention which none the less continues, conceptually, to act as an armature for many of his paintings. Georges confronts the exact reverse of this problem a half-century later. Working out of the fluid, decorative practices of Abstract Expressionism, he needs above all to rehabilitate the plastic (or sculptural) element in painting to a new strength and viability, not only as a way of lending definition to amorphous brushwork but as a means of inflecting every area of the picture with a coherent and unifying conception. This job of plastic rehabilitation is what Georges has so far failed to do, and one wonders if it is possible to effect so radical a change in style while maintaining such an undiminished loyalty to a painterly method that had its origin in a very different—indeed, an antithetical—task.

Georges is only one among an increasing number of painters who are currently working in a similar direction. Richard Diebenkorn, Ben Johnson, Philip Pearlstein, and Manoucher Yektai are perhaps the most interesting and adventurous at the moment. Pearlstein has undoubtedly made the most irrevocable break with current taste, eschewing all

Woodrow Wilson's intimate correspondence with the woman he loved



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the flashiness and Expressionist talismans of recent practice and addressing himself to a more impersonal and more tough-minded recovery of the figure as a plastic entity devoid of "psychology" and sentiment. The others, Georges included, work more or less within one or another modern convention — burrowing from within, as it were, and taking special care not to upset the aesthetic metabolism of modern art as a whole. Georges' new paintings are certainly his best to date; they have a robust force that is altogether pleasurable in an atmosphere of effete styles and petty innovations. But there is also something conformist in his art which reminds us that he has not yet turned this force on the basic issues.

ARCHITECTURE

Walter McQuade

PICTURE for a moment a six-story building 700 feet long, almost twice as long as the ordinary city blockfront. It is an immense shoe box in shape, 350 feet wide and flat-faced all around, covered with hundreds of plaques of glass held in a delicate frame of black aluminum. This immense box sits in the middle of some 450 acres of rolling farm and woodland, and is approached by formal driveways, is flanked by large parking spaces, and has a wide pool in front of it, with fountains—or, rather, a single fountain hundreds of feet long, raising a delicate wall of spray from myriad nozzles.

Got that? Now make the building's glass wall not just ordinary window glass, but a gigantic cumulative mirror, acres of it. So, in a way, there isn't any building, but just reflections of the sky from a suggestion of a building. You cannot see into it; when you leave your car and walk up to it, you see yourself, brightly.

FANTASTIC? Of course: it is a little like a dream. But you don't have to dream it. This building is coming into existence at a town called Holmdel, New Jersey. The first half is finished and in use. It is a new research laboratory for Bell Telephone, housing something like 2,400 scientists, their helpers and supervisors. Only one of the walls is as yet filled with the mirror glass; but that is because the manufacturer has run into temporary production snags. Meanwhile, more conventional tinted glass dresses the walls.

The building was designed by the late Eero Saarinen, and every one of its physical aspects has a reason standing, like a footman, back of it. (For example, glass is a reliable mass-produced building material, if expensive. It looks well with anodized black aluminum, and if it can be made to reflect the countryside, the glass also will reflect a large proportion of sunlight, thus making the interior much easier to air-condition.) But the total effect is as pitiless as abstract logic.

You realize this when you enter the building. The glass, mercifully, is a one-way mirror: you can see out from the hallway-galleries that run all around the building. But, like the wall of a moon shelter or a vacuum bottle, this wall, you soon realize, is nothing more nor less than a thin skin standing free around controlled climate. Technically, there is nothing wrong with that; as a matter of fact, it is a technical triumph. Psychologically, however, it is something less than endearing.

Within the grandeur of the landscaping, behind the beautiful fountain, within the suave, glittering architecture, inside the veil, are built two buildings, neither of which has any windows. Only the receptionist, seated in the immense lobby, has a window; nobody else. Even the corporate boss of the entire complex sits in a room with blank walls. If he wishes to see what the weather is doing he must step out of his large, well-lighted, immaculately detailed closet into an inner corridor and follow it to where it joins the peripheral corridor running along the inside of the glass walls. Or he can pick up his telephone and ask the receptionist how it looks out there. Here work 2,400 people, in a glass-walled building. But no matter how many promotions one gets, he will never have a window.

I COULD tell you numerous things which are interesting, or deft, about the design of this building, but suffice it to say that the designers of this structure have made an unsuccessful speculation in environment. They may even have come close to bankrupting one division of modern architecture—the wing which has attempted, and sometimes achieved, a lyricism of metal and glass. The Bell Lab is inventively conceived, beautifully put together. It is intensely tasteful in its details and intensely efficent. But it seems to forget the reason that most buildings are built—for people to live or work in—and so it is in the end venomously elegant.

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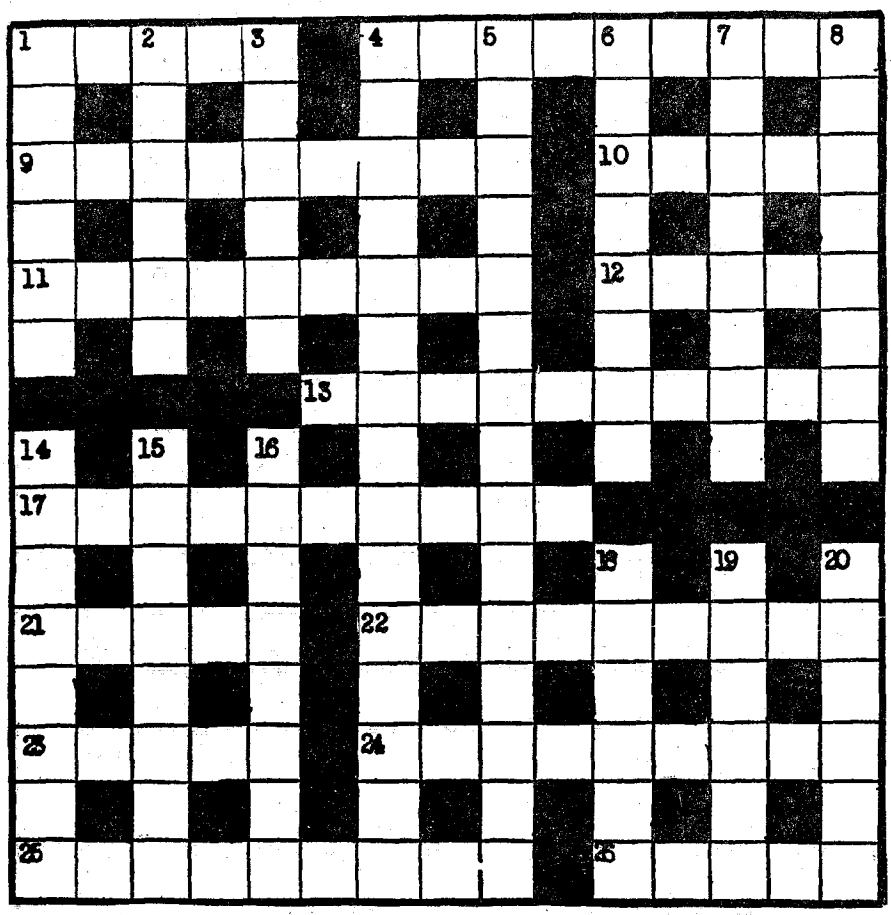
Crossword Puzzle No. 987

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Rather early? Not quite! (5)
4 Not exactly the right poet for such a high place. (5, 4)
9 Building occupied by an incomplete female who won't get off, certainly. (9)
10 See 23 across.
11 Mrs. Apis? (6, 3)
12 The sex to long for praise without the music? (5)
13 It's its acts that are sometimes referred to as vital. (10)
17 Is it intentional to reenslave? (10)
21 The standing of intellect? (5)
22 Drunk in polite company. (9)
23, 10 and 26 Contemporary with Bunker and Breeds? (2, 3, 2, 3, 5)
24 Lies erect, strangely enough, in the square. (9)
25 Confident in one's step, and well thought-of. (9)
26 See 23 across.

DOWN:

1 Banquet concerned with the "good old days"? (6)
2 How Caesar refused the crown. (6)
3 Wild ones were flying in the "Princess". (6)
4 Is the tractor kept under canvas? (4, 11)
5 Disappeared with brass or wood, perhaps (but gets title for it). (4, 4, 3, 4)
6 Cross, when the subject of painting comes up with the subject of poetry. (8)
7 Proust, it seems, shows how to get down to bare facts best. (8)
8 Look at the tumbler! (Pimpernel had one.) (8)
14 Military type of crane. (8)
15 Obviously happy with more than one. (8)
16 Sticks in? Quite the opposite. (8)
18 Pant? (6)
19 Equivalent to "boomtiddy"? (6)
20 It certainly doesn't take feminine skills to make such a suit. (6)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 986

ACROSS: 1 Rampage; 5 Hard put; 9 Demerit; 10 Mission; 11 and 12 Alley cat; 14 Toddled; 16 Redcoat; 18 Concave; 21 Rankled; 26 Pot; 27, 13 and 25 down Armed to the teeth; 28 Testers; 29 Boilers; 30 Notched; 31 Eighths. DOWN: 1 Redraft; 2 Mumbled; 3 Array; 4 Enticed; 5 Hamster; 6 Reset; 7 and 24 Point-to-point; 8 Tangent; 15 and 17 Leaden; 18 Capstan; 19 Nail-set; 20 Exposed; 21 Ratable; 22 Lambent; 23 Sadists; 27 Aping.

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